

## **Sweet Boy by femmesteve**

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**Summary:**

Dominatrix! Steve has to punish his boy.

## Sweet Boy

### Author's Note:

@FemmeSteve on Tumblr. Come say hi, pimps.

An abrupt cracking sound fills Billy's ears, startling him into looking up. He grins suddenly at the sight of his boyfriend in his doorway, all dolled up and with his favorite belt dangling from manicured fingers. Billy leans back on his hands, eyebrows up in interest and tongue between his teeth.

"Did I do somethin' bad that I'm not aware of?" Billy asks in a teasing lull.

Steve's lips press together firmly in discontent for a moment before he responds, "I don't like your tone this afternoon." He says.

Billy's grin grows wider, "Oh, have I been disrespectful, miss?" He's giddy, despite Steve's visibly growing frustration. Billy knew that it was going to be taken out on him.

Steve's heels make a soft sound against the carpet as he makes his way towards Billy, who shifts slightly on the bed. Steve crawls between Billy's parted legs and presses on the blond's naked chest until he lays on his back. Billy's hands move to Steve's waist, only for Steve to slap his hands away and threaten to pinch him if he doesn't stop. He uses the belt to bind Billy's wrists together tightly, ignoring Billy's confused protests.

"I didn't do anything—"

"Hush," Steve interrupts, "Your attitude today was just enough- ah, ah, do you need a gag?" He threatens when Billy opens his mouth to speak again.

Billy emits a long groan and rolls his eyes, but doesn't try to protest again. Steve kisses his lips briefly as a reward. The blond takes a moment to appreciate Steve's outfit: a lacy camisole that is belted around the middle and a garter belt connected to nothing. Steve

didn't like to wear stockings with his heels.

"You know the rules, babe," Steve says as he begins to unbutton Billy's jeans, before leaning down to press a lingering kiss to the patch of underwear now exposed to him, "Miss comes, and Billy doesn't," He repeats their punishment mantra.

Steve kisses Billy's filling out cock through the fabric of his underwear again, before sucking gently. He rubs his fingertips over the damp fabric, eyes shifting up to meet Billy's.

"Why's that?" Steve asks softly.

Billy puffs out breath through his nose, "Because Billy has to learn," He bites out bitterly.

Steve's painted lips turn up in a smile, and he nods. He flattens his tongue against the fabric of Billy's covered cock and lathes against it gently, slowly bringing the blond to full hardness. Billy wishes that he wouldn't. He'd be hard for hours with the way Steve liked to play.

Steve tugs Billy's jeans a little way down his thighs, looking down almost thoughtfully, "How do I want to use my sweet boy today...?" He ponders out loud.

Billy swallows thickly and shifts slightly, causing Steve to dig his nails into his thigh a bit. He winces and goes still again.

"I don't know if I can trust you not to come if I use this..." Steve says as he massages Billy's cock in his hand, "So, maybe..." He bites his lip as he moves to stroke between Billy's covered ass cheeks, "What do you think, angel?" He asks sweetly,

Billy groans again and flexes against his bonds, "Whatever miss wants," He manages to say.

Steve's lips turn up again in another pleased smile. His boy was so good for him. He almost feels bad that he has to punish him.